

Fryer Masterminds The Thrashing Of The Isthmian Champions

By ARGUS

Wycombe Wanderers 4, Wimbledon 1

MASTERMINDED by tiny Ron Fryer, a darting, swerving imp to the bewildered Wimbledon defenders, Wycombe Wanderers enchanted Loakes Park supporters with a dazzling revenge win against the current Isthmian champions, a performance which keeps the League title tantalisingly in sight and which restores Wycombe to winning ways after a month of despondency.

So demoralised and thrashed were the Dons that they resorted to rough-and-ready methods to stop their tormentors in the final stages of the game. Both Paul Bates and Len Worley were flattened and hurt by bulldozing tackles which ripped them off their feet.

Wimbledon — as anxious as Wycombe to obtain full points to keep in the League race—were made to look a clumsy, desperate side by Wycombe players who knocked out their own cruel luck and picked up terrific momentum in the second half.

RAZOR SHARP

After a torrid one-goal-each first half, Wycombe slashed the Dons' defence to pieces—a joyous consolation for the bitter memories of that humiliating 4-0 defeat at Plough Lane last season.

This was the sort of irresistible attacking form that Wycombe fans have been praying for, with goalmouth fury added to the frills, and it was no accident that veteran Jack Tomlin was back in the forward line after a long wait in the wilderness.

But well as Tomlin, Bates, Trott and Worley played—and they all surpassed recent form—it was the genius of Fryer which made its mark memorably on this exciting game.

With Bates always lying deep to draw pivot Roy Law out of position, and clipping some luscious passes through the middle of the Dons' defence, the

roving Fryer was often to be seen spearheading the attack—certainly a tactical turn up for the book!

Unfortunately for the Dons, their big fellows—strapping Eddie Reynolds and Brian Martin—were miserably astray with their shooting and found a valiant opponent in Ken Brown, the home goalkeeper, who plunged at their feet with reckless courage.

Wycombe might well have been three goals up in a quarter of an hour. Full-back John Martin swept the ball away from Fryer's feet at the inside-right was in the act of shooting, and Worley, given a handsome Bates pass to chase, drove just over the bar.

A peach of a goal by Fryer put Wycombe hearts at ease. Yet another Bates pass, triggered to perfection, slid like a sword through the Dons' mid-regions and Fryer, holding off a Law challenge, glided the ball past Ledger.

Still trying his luck, Fryer lobbed the ball on to the Wimbledon crossbar before an amazing piece of luck gave the Dons the equaliser. Reynolds had shot straight at Brown and Martin had fluffed a sitter in the goalmouth before Bartholomew, running goalwards, sent the ball into his own net.

DONS FADE

There was only one team around in the second half—Wycombe. And as the home forwards came more and more into the ascendancy the Dons faded into insignificance. Another Fryer goal—after 54 minutes—gave the Wanderers the victory incentive. Sent speeding down the left wing by Tomlin, Fryer scored a cheeky goal, cleverly pushing his shot right across the goalmouth and out of Ledger's reach.

Soon afterwards Worley, thoroughly deserving a goal, had hit the Dons' crossbar, Law twice fouled Bates in the space of a minute. Retribution was swift, Beck hammering home a punishing spot-kick. As Wimbledon deteriorated sadly, the left foot of Cliff Trott connected with a square pass from Fryer and goal number four flew past Ledger.